





## ZION'S HERALD AND

## WESLEYAN JOURNAL.

## BOOK NOTICES.

LITERARY REGISTER, and Record of Books and Schools.—Number 2 of this valuable Quarterly has appeared. It is as interesting a number, if not more so, than the first. The criticisms of books are just, and the miscellaneous matter selected with taste. \$1 per annum. *Homestead*, 40 North Fourth Street, Philadelphia.

THE YOUNG AMERICAN'S MAGAZINE.—Mr. Light is making, of his new publication, a work of sterling merit. The original articles are excellent, and the selections worthy companions to them. What a great national good it would be, could the youth of America be imbued with the spirit and aspirations of this little periodical. We commend it to all parents.—\$1.20 per annum.

A NEW GRAMMAR.—Joseph R. Chandler, Esq., editor of the *United States Gazette*, Philadelphia, has issued a new work on English Grammar, which is said to possess peculiar excellencies. It can be had at *Mussey & Co.*, Boston.

THE MOTHERS' ASSISTANT AND YOUNG LADIES' FRIEND, for May, contains a variety of good articles, and a beautiful plate of a scene on the Hudson. \$1 per year. *Wm. C. Brown*, 21 Cornhill.

THE LIVING AGE.—Number 158 is an unusually interesting number. The leading article is a capital one, on Dress, from the Quarterly Review. 165 Tremont Street.

No. 24 of CLARKE'S COMMENTARY, has been issued by the Book Rooms, and is on hand at *Binney & O'Hara*, 1 Cornhill. We have lately noticed this fine edition of the great Wesleyan commentator, and again commend it to our readers.

## MRS. JUDSON.

Mrs. Judson, in a letter of Dec. 10, to the *Mothers' Journal*, says her health was better than at New York. She states that an Englishman said to her, "Your country women are guilty of suicide—they kill themselves with incessant labor. English ladies live as long as the men."

Mrs. J. writes, "I can easily imagine how some persons might look with a sad eye on a residence in India; but to me, as I am no great comfort lover, a new world has opened, and it has awakened all the romance which I put to sleep years ago. And the romance is all the fresher and more pleasing to me, that I brought none of it from America with me, having looked upon my new home, when there, through the medium of sober and too severe reality."

SCOTCH EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.—The Edinburgh division of the Alliance, has commenced a series of monthly breakfasts, for the promotion of brotherly love among its members. Their first meeting took place last month, and the large apartment was well filled with clergymen and others, of different denominations. The time was occupied with devotional exercises and conversation.

CHRISTIAN LITERATURE.—At Beyrouth, Syria, an American missionary has formed a native Asiatic Society, composed chiefly of young Syrians, who are studying the history and literature of the East, and who are anxiously collecting a library, which is intended to comprise all known Arabic literature.

## N. E. CONF. MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

## TREASURER'S REPORT.

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## SUNDAY, MAY 10, 1846.

The following beautiful lines are from the pen of the late lamented Willis Gaylord Clark. They breathe the very odor of Spring, and the touching tenderness of a sensitive and feeling heart.

The Spring's sweet buds all around me are swelling,  
There are songs in the streams, there is health in the gale;  
A sense of delight in each bosom is dwelling,  
As the pure day-beams o'er mountain and vale;

The desolate reign of old Winter is broken,

The verdure is fresh upon every tree;

Nature's revival the charm—and a token

Of love, O thou spirit of Beauty, to thee.

The sun looks forth from the halls of the morning,  
And pushes the clouds that begirt his career;

He welcomes the gladness and glory, returning

To rest on the promise and hope of the year.

He fills with rich light all the balm-breathing flowers,

He mounts to the zenith, and laughs on the wave;

He wakes into music the green forest bower,

And gilds the gay plains which the broad rivers have.

The young bird is out on his delicate pinion,

He timidly soars in the infinite sky;

A greeting to May and her fair dominion,

He pants on the west wind's fragrant sigh.

Around, above, there are peace and pleasure,

The woodlands are singing, the heavens are bright;

The fields are unfolding their emerald treasure,

And man's genial spirit is soaring in light.

Alas! for my weary and care-burdened bosom!

The spells of the Spring time arouse it no more;

The song in the wild-wild, the sheen of the blossom,

The fresh-welling fountain, their magic is o'er!

When I list to the streams, when I look on the flowers,

They tell of the past with a mournful a tone,

That I call up the throng of my long vanished hours,

And sigh that their transports are over and gone.

From the wide-spreading earth, from the limitless heaven,

There have vanished an eloquent glory and gloom;

To my veiled mind no more is the influence given,

Which coloreth life with the hues of a dream.

The bloom-purple landscape its loveliness keepeth—

I deem that a light as old gilds the wave;

But the eye of my spirit in heaviness sleepeth,

Or sees but my vision, and the visions it gave.

Yet it is not that age on my years hath descended,

"Tis not that my nose-wreaths encircle my brow;

But the sadness and sweetess of being are ended,

I feel not their love-kindling witchery now,

The shadows of death o'er my path have been sweeping—

There are those who have loved me, and their souls are

As the green tree is bright when in peace they are sleeping,

And the wings of remembrance my soul is away.

It is shut to the glow of this present existence,

I hear, from the past, a funeral strain;

And it eagerly turns to the high-cremning distance,

Where the last bloom of earth will be garnered again;

Where no milkweed or soft damask rose shall nourish,

Where Grief bears no longer the poisonous sting;

Where pitiless Death no dark curse can flourish,

Or stain with his blight the luxuriant Spring.

It is thus that the hopes which to others are given,

Fall cold on my heart in this rich month of May;

I hear the clear anthems that ring through the heaven,

I drink the bland airs that calm the day;

And if gentle nature, her festival keeping,

Delights not my bosom, ab! do not condemn;

Our the lost and the lovely my spirit is weeping,

And my heart's fondest raptures are buried with them.

## BIOGRAPHICAL.

Sister JULIA C. WILEY, wife of Moses Wiley, and daughter of Edward and Jerusha Clarke, of Eastham, Mass., died Feb. 19. She was converted in early life, and lived a Christian to its close. Her death was sudden, but her "end was peace." Lovely in her disposition, she was beloved by all with whom she was conversant. She has a left a circle of friends, who deeply feel their loss. But their loss is her gain.—They mourn not as those without hope. May this unexpected, afflictive providence, be spiritually profitable to them. J. MACREADY.

Eastham, April 15.

CAPT. BLISH, died in Hallowell, Me., April 23, in peaceful hope of a blessed immortality. He had been a great sufferer for many years. Sister B. is sustained under the painful bereavement, by the grace of God, and an unwavering confidence that her loss is her companion's gain. Much might be said commendatory of the departed, but it is in accordance with what is believed to have been the views of Capt. B., that his obituary should be brief. His memory is cherished with lively interest and gratitude, by many besides his bereaved wife and seven children. Captain B. wished to have it understood, that he died in the firm conviction of the truth and excellency of Methodism, as it was before the commotions and agitations of the last ten years commenced.

Hallowell, May 12. J. B. HUSTED.

Widow SARAH BRIGHAM, died in Barnard, Vt., Feb. 12, aged 83 years. Sister B. experienced the salvation of the gospel, under the labors of Rev. Joseph Crawford, in the year 1800. She was a worthy member of the M. E. Church about forty years, during which period her house was the home of the way-worn itinerant. Such was her deep, uniform piety, that she exerted the most happy influence around. Her language in health, and during her last sickness, was, "O, how precious Jesus is!" I enjoyed the privilege of seeing her the day before she left for the church triumphant, and found her in possession of all religion is designed to bestow in this life.

Barnard, May 8. C. FALES.

Widow MARY BARNES, died in Templeton, Mass., April 17, aged 44 years. Her death was caused by a shock of palsy, which deprived her, as in a moment, of the power of speech. But her practical, consistent, Christian life, had been one continued testimony of the power and blessedness of the religion of the gospel of Christ. Death came suddenly, but he found his victim ready. The church has lost a pious, praying member; the family, a devoted, affectionate, and faithful friend. May they meet her in the kingdom of God.

Rutland, Mass., May 11. S. PUTNAM.

Sister PHINEA WEBSTER, died in Hooksett, N. H., April 26, of consumption, aged 36. We doubt not that sister Webster, for some time past, had been preparing to exchange this world for a better. In sickness she was patient, in death resigned. She has left many friends to mourn—God bless the afflicted.

Hooksett, May 3. C. HOLMAN.

Mrs. LOUISA, wife of Br. Amasa Forestall, Jr., died in Ashland, April 8th, of typhus fever, aged 40 years. Sister F. was expected to God about thirteen years since, and with her husband, united with the M. E. Church in this place, and till her death was a most worthy member. For some years, Br. F. has been the superintendent of the paper establishment in this town, and during that time, our beloved sister, like an angel of mercy, has been uniting in her efforts to make the inmates happy in this world, and induce them to be prepared to meet their God in peace. Her last sickness was short, and much of the time her mind was wandering, yet, at lucid intervals,

she talked freely of her departure, affectionately and earnestly entreating her two children to remember their Creator in the days of their youth, and repeatedly assured her afflicted companion and others, that all was well. The last time that I saw her, it was evident that she soon would leave us. I asked her if the Savior was precious; she replied, "He is precious; he is precious to me." Soon after, she bid this earth adieu, to join the celestial hosts who surround the throne of God.

Holliston, May, 1846. LUMAN BOYDEN.

Mr. JACOB NEWHALL, Jr., died in Saugus, Mass., May 6, in the 50th year of his age. He joined the M. E. Church, at Lynn Common, prior to the year 1825, and when, at this date, the society in Saugus became a separate charge, he was one of its original members. His life was a beautiful illustration of the meekness, gentleness, and consistency of the Christian character. To his family, his death is a deep affliction. By the church and town, in both of which he held official stations, his loss will be severely felt, and long regretted. "The memory of the just is blessed." I. A. SAVAGE.

May 17.

Sister HARRIET R. SANBORN, wife of Sewell Sanborn, died in Alexandria, March 24, aged 36 years. By this stroke, a husband and seven children experienced a severe affliction. She was a member of the M. E. Church, on probation, and we trust that our loss is her eternal gain.

Alexandria, May 15. JOHN GOULD.

## YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

## ANNIE AND THE ROSES.

Annie Stephens lived in a small New England village. Her father's house was surrounded by green meadows, tall trees, and pure and gently flowing streams. Strangers often, when they were passing through the place, would stop to admire the beautiful scenery, in the vicinity of farmer Stephen's residence. The house itself was not, however, very attractive in its appearance. It was old, of a faded brown color, with two stories in front, and behind it sloped almost down to the ground. There was a well, with a long pole, at one end of which was a bucket, the other a large stone. This well stood at the back part of the house. In the front yard, there were two luxuriant rose bushes, which Annie was very fond of tending.

It was a beautiful sunset, in the latter part of the month of June. Annie was standing in the yard, gathering roses to carry to a young girl who was sick in the neighborhood, and as she filled her apron with the beautiful and fragrant blossoms, she repeated in a low voice,

"We love the flowers, the gentle flowers,

Wherever they are found;

And therefore, God has scattered them

So kindly around."

Just at this moment her brother James came from the house, into the yard, and laying his hand upon her shoulder, said—

"And so, Annie, you are at your roses again, as usual; I believe you love these bushes better than anything else in the world. I really think you spend half of your time with them."

"That is one of your extravagant assertions, James," said Annie with a smile.

"It may come a little short of being the 'whole world,' as Willie says, but I am sure it is a large proportion."

"Well, I don't deny my fondness for flowers. I think they are among the most beautiful of God's gifts."

"But I wish you to leave the bushes now, and go with me into the house; I have something I want to show you."

Annie readily complied with her brother's request, and was agreeably surprised to find a rose plant, standing on a table, in a neat flower pot. James had purchased it the day before, for his sister; but it had been brought to the house only a few minutes before.

From that time, it would have been a difficult matter to decide whether Annie's attention was most occupied by the rose bushes in the yard, or by the tea-rose plant in the house.

## THE VELOCIPED.

George is a little boy, seven years old. He lives in Brooklyn, near the great city of New York. One morning, when his father was going over to New York, he took George with him. When they arrived at New York, his father stopped in a shop in Broadway, where he saw a number of *velocipedes*. All the city boys know what I mean; but some of my readers who live in the country may need to be informed that a *velocipede* is a little wooden horse, something like a rocking horse; but instead of rockers, the *velocipede* has wheels; and by turning a crank, a little boy who sits upon the horse, can wheel himself along the sidewalk at quite a rapid rate.

George's heart bounded with delight, when his father selected and paid for one of these *velocipedes*. He had long been wishing for one, and his father had promised that he would buy one some time when it was convenient. George had almost begun to fear that his father had forgotten his promise, but still he did not tease him about it. He honored his father and mother, and he did not wish to be troublesome to them.

You may imagine what delight George took in trundling his horse up and down the nicely paved sidewalk before his father's house. Morning, noon, and night, found him out with his *velocipede*. But he was careful not to be out so long as to be late for school.

"Well, my son, you have been taking a long ride to-day," said his mother one morning, when he came into wash before starting for school.

"No, mother, I have not been riding all the time," replied George. "I lent my *velocipede* to Abraham Dexter."

Abraham Dexter, a boy a little older than George, was the son of a widow in the neighborhood, who washed for George's mother. She was very poor, and unable to provide many comforts, much less pleasures for her children.

"I am very glad," said his mother, "that you had such an opportunity of doing good."

"Doing good?" repeated George, inquiringly, as if he did not quite understand how this was done.

"Yes," said his mother, "why should I not say doing good? Tell me what you call doing good."

"Why?" said George, "I call it doing good, when you and aunt Maria visit poor people, and talk to them, and give them tracts, and clothing, and food."

"Those are some of the ways of doing good," replied his mother, "but there are a thousand other ways, and I hope you will every day be learning those ways. You cannot distribute tracts, and you have money of your own to give the poor; but if you make a poor little boy happy by lending him your playthings, or by giving him a kind word to him, that will be doing good. Did not Abraham seem very much pleased when you offered him your *velocipede*?"

"O yes, mother, he was delighted when he found I was in earnest; at first he thought I was only making fun of him."

"I suppose," said his mother, "that he very

seldom has any playthings of his own; and so far from lending him theirs, I believe some of the boys in the neighborhood are very unkind to him."

"O yes, they call him all sorts of names, and tease him every way they can. Yesterday one of the boys knocked off his hat, and the other boys kicked it about the streets, and Abraham went crying."

"How very cruel, and how very wicked, so to ill-treat a poor little fatherless boy! How I should be grieved, if your father should die, leaving me poor, and unfeeling boys should be so unkind to my little George, because he was obliged to wear shabby clothes. The Bible says, do unto others as you would that others should do to you; and it also says, 'Be kind to one another.'

"But, mother," says George, "I do not think that Abraham is always a very good boy. He plays truant sometimes."

"I am very sorry to hear it; but that is no reason why we should not be kind to him. The Bible says we must do good to all. We are commanded to do good to the worst of people, remembering that our Father in heaven maketh no sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain to the just and on the unjust."

"It was for a world lying in wickedness, that our Savior shed his precious blood; and it is only for his sake, that God bestows upon us favor or mercy. We deserve nothing ourselves, but we may be punished for our sins. But come, my son, now run off to school, and see how much good you can do there."

"In school, mother? Why I must study my lessons there; and Miss Eliot does not allow us to talk."

"No, but you can do good without talking—if you learn your lessons well, and are careful to obey all the rules of the school, this will be doing good. It will save Miss Eliot the trouble of keeping you in order, and it will set a good example to all the other boys. When we are good to others, we are good to ourselves."

George kissed his mother, and taking from her a little bouquet of pink and roses which she had prepared for his teacher, he set off with a quick step and happy heart.—American Messenger.

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## PLEASANT INCIDENT.